Only a Brakeman.

He's only a brakeman !
Yet always a man,
And true to his duty,
Deny it who can ?

His hand may be horny
With turning the brake—
But his mind is most active ;
He makes his foes quake !

He runs o'er the foot-board
In storm and in sleet,
He runs through the campaign
Determined to beat.

He couples the cars
By a drop of the pin,
His train is all ready,
She'll bring him safe in.

He picks up his lamp
And makes sure of its light ;
You may call him a " tramp,"
But he'll lead in the fight !

He's only a brakeman
Perhaps not a dandy,
Yet you're helping a good cause
In voting for Andy.

Though only a brakeman
Of labor he's proud,
It calls you to help him
In tones clear and loud.

To farmer, to tradesman,
Mechanic and friend
He'll do justice—if you'll him
To Parliament send.

He secured many their votes,
While his foes did their best
To keep them from voting,
Do you now do the rest ?

The whistle sounds "off brakes,"
The train's going to move,
To the true honest brakeman
Your friendship now prove !

Vote for Ingram.